WANT A "JOHN BULL" PEN? See Page 11.

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# JOHN BULL

VOLUME XXII. No. 820. SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1918. TWOPENCE.

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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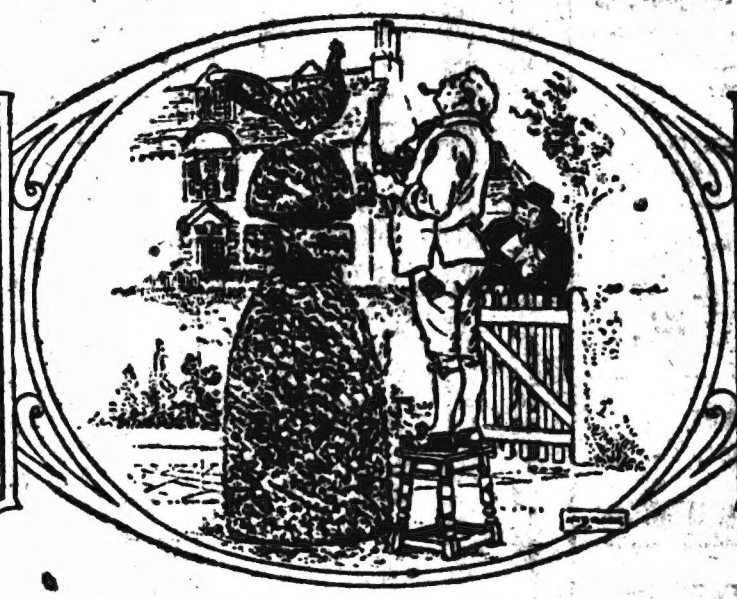

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# JOHN BULL

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*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:*
*Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

**Vol. XXIII. No. 620.** **Week ending Saturday, April 20th, 1918.** **Twopence.**


## "THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*."

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

**Haig's S.O.S.**

"No other course but fight it out"—that is the finest phrase in the Commander-in-Chief's appeal to the men of the British Army. And we at home should take those words to heart.

**To the Albert Hall!**

Make a note of the date—Saturday, April 27th, at 3.30. No tickets—first come, first served. See our leading article—we shall have a lot to talk about.

***Is They?***

Who is responsible for the grammar of the King's official proclamations? "Our will and pleasure *is*" doesn't quite scan.

**Asquith as Abstainer.**

So the Old Parliamentarian abstained from voting on the Second Reading of the Man Power Bill. *That's* the way to win the war!

**Mr. Devlin's Offer.**

That was a cute move by the astute Mr. Devlin, to offer to join up as a Private the moment Ireland has a Parliament with the right to decide upon Conscription. We take the offer for what it is worth. But we notice that Mr. Lundon sat mum!

**"Strange Bedfellows."**

We have gladly thrown in our lot with the Federation of Discharged Men, of which Mr. Hogge, M.P., is President, but he *does* try us rather highly by voting dead against every war measure. Surely the best way to keep discharged soldiers from being sent back to the Army is to find others to take their place.

**General Gough.**

We presume we shall soon hear of this "distinguished" officer being appointed to a new Command, as soon as—according to precedent—it has been officially decided that, in regard to the disaster to the Fifth Army, "nobody was to blame."

**Surgeon-General Baptie.**

Just as we learn that this "hero" of Mesopotamia is now Inspector of Army Medical Services from Home *and* Abroad, and is in France—drawing the fuller Pay and Allowances of the Indian Army!

**Paris.**

Those grousers in London ought to see the present condition of once gay and glorious Paris. Everybody is in mourning, streets are deserted, theatres closed, nobody out after seven in the evening—and "Old Bertha," as they contemptuously call the Mystery Gun, pounding away! Alas! *La belle France*—how splendidly you have suffered!

**"Shot at Dawn."**

The Army Annual Bill will soon be again before Parliament, and we repeat our advice—watch your M.P.!

**The Conchies.**

"Why," asks a Yorkshire reader, "should I have to provide two sons to fight for their country and see every day round about me men who hardly know how to pass away the time—of military age—just because they are Quakers?" We must have notice of that question.

**A Rare Case.**

We hope we have put the correct heading to this paragraph, which is about a young girl who wants to get some war work because, to quote her own words, her father, who is a Special and a Volunteer, says "if she gets some war work he will be exempt from serving." Almost a case of white slave traffic!

**"Bitter Enders."**

This is the name given by the *New York Tribune* to those of us who insist on fighting the war out to a finish. Dealing with ourselves, we read: "To-day he is among those who would fight to a finish—to-morrow he may be a pacifist." Why not—providing "the finish" has been accomplished?

**Muddle *In Excelsis*.**

Have you read the Report of the Auditor-General upon the Accounts of the Ministry of Munitions for the year 1917—showing firms paid twice over, advances never entered up, original prices still charged after reductions had been agreed upon, and Heaven knows what besides? That is for 1917. But we fancy that 1918, under the Churchill régime, will tell a different story.

**Two Big Guns.**

So, according to Mr. Macpherson, Under Secretary for War, we are *now* engaged upon the construction of a gun capable of firing eighty miles. "Now" is good. We are also "now" raising the men necessary to win the war! But as regards the gun, no doubt Mr. Macpherson, aged 38, will personally go out to the Front with it, and superintend its working. Then there will be *two* "big guns."

**"War Aims Committee."**

Once more we ask, when is this ridiculous and useless body to be abolished? A collection of Party wirepullers, each of its members has but one "aim," and that is to secure votes for his Party at the next election. Why not hand the whole thing over to Lord Beaverbrook, whose present position as "Minister of Information" is a farce? And, by the way, what is our noble friend Lord Northcliffe doing as "Director of Propaganda in Enemy Countries"?

**That German Maid.**

So the German maid who came over here with Lord Hardinge's household is still in the service of the ex-Viceroy, and is at present on a visit to his brother at Penshurst! Keeping her in the family, we suppose!

**"Meat! Meat!"**

So you have to give a coupon when you buy horseflesh, as a Belgian butcher of Lambeth discovered when he was fined £10 the other day for not demanding one. What about the cat and her man?

**The Minister of Labour.**

The other day, at a Whitehead Aircraft luncheon, we met our right hon. friend Mr. Roberts. How, under a sense of responsibility, the little man has "come on"! He has almost lost his pulpit style, and now carries the fiery cross of patriotism.

**Motherless Mites.**

Something will have to be done for the children of widowers called to the Colours. Already the orphan homes are full, and the workhouse is surely unthinkable. The State must do the right thing—there must be no pauperism for the "little things" they leave behind them.

**The Bilking Alien.**

Has anyone noticed that the aliens who are always trying to bilk the railway companies—and, incidentally, crowding our police courts—cannot be fined more than 40s.? This is a matter for Sir George Cave—increase the fine and give the Magistrate the power to imprison. We have had more than enough of these gentry.

**Pithecanthropus Erectus.**

From the Notice Board at Greyfriars Church, Reading:—"Subject—The Missing Link. The Vicar." The British Association had better journey to Reading at once. Our reverend friend has too long hidden himself from a puzzled world.

**German Spies.**

A reader calls our attention to an article under this heading, which appeared in our columns in August, 1908, revealing the presence of certain German officers in this country, whom we suspected of belonging to the Secret Service. The attention of Lord Haldane, then War Secretary, was called to the matter—and this was his reply: "When soldiers visit a foreign country naturally they keep their eyes and ears open, *but really that is a very harmless thing to do, and the War Office is not concerned with their movements.*" Now we know.

**Justice v. Charity.**

Surely it is significant that the address of the National Federation of Discharged and Demobilised Sailors and Soldiers is given in the Post Office Directory under the heading of "Military and Naval Societies," whilst that of the Comrades of the Great War is to be found under "Benevolent Societies."

**King's Pardon Wanted.**

Once again we record our conviction that if the King would announce his gracious pardon to deserters who rejoin immediately, the result would be highly satisfactory. There are some fine men, fully trained, among those absentees, whose absence has frequently not been entirely their own fault. They are burning to make good, and should have the chance.

**Clear of Conchies.**

The Church Army sets a model. It has no Conchies in its Huts, nor has any Conchy ever worked in a C.A. Centre. It has no worker eligible for the Army in any centre in France, and all workers among the troops are either in very low medical categories, rejected, or over military age. That is a clear bill of health which the S.A. and the Y.M.C.A could not equal.

**Knights of Chivalry.**

Perhaps the King will think over the very admirable suggestion that the old Order of Chivalry should be revived in the form of knighthood to be conferred for distinguished service on the field of battle. It could be in special addition to any military decoration awarded. In this Order, at any rate, there would be no doubt that the honour so conferred would have been well and nobly won.

**Alarming Rumours.**

This is an era of reckless constitutional experiment, but our advice to the Government is "Hands off India!" Some mystery attaches to the visit of Mr. Montagu, who appears to have enjoyed a good many "confabs" with the native "leaders," but it is to be hoped there is no truth in the rumours of impending changes to which this curious "mission" has given rise. Such a critical task as the reform of the Indian Government is far beyond the powers of a distracted Ministry and exhausted House of Commons.

**Too Old at Sixty.**

Though doctors, and still more and more doctors, are required for the Army, the War Office are retiring at 60 doctors holding staff appointments, their places having to be filled by younger men at the moment when they are needed to deal with the heavy casualties flowing into military hospitals at home. It is sheer red-tape foolery, of course—the seniority business at its craziest. In general, these doctors at 60 are fit men with valuable experience in their work; to scrap them now, when their colleagues of 55 may be conscripted—well!

**"Our Friends, the Germans."**

"Three Englishmen escaped from behind the German lines to us the other day. They had been prisoners three months, and were literally nearly dead. All that awful January and February out all day in the wet and cold; no overcoat, and at night no blanket, in a shelter where the clothes froze stiff on them; no change of underclothing in three months, and they were one mass of vermin, no chance of washing. The bodies of all of them were covered with sores. 'Beaten and starved,' one of them said, 'Sooner than go through it again I'd just put my head under the first train.'" Pacifist papers, please copy!

**Making Them Shy.**

The Post Office has devised a scheme whereby its staff may buy War Bonds in instalments, deducted from salaries. It is quite a good scheme, spoiled by this outrageous proviso:—"Subscribers cannot be allowed to withdraw, except for reasons satisfactory to the Head of the Department." If any poor chap, short of cash, must go and tell his boss all about it, he will think twice before running the risk.

**Still They Come!**

Up to date, the latest addition to the ranks of the British Inspectorate is the Inspector of Seamen's bedding—said bedding consisting of a straw mattress, plus blankets. What's he expect when he inspects? Curran used to say that if only his fleas had been unanimous, they would have pulled him out of bed. Under the new M.S. Act we suppose the Inspector will be put into khaki, armed with a rifle, and posted to a special shooting section.

**Something Like an Error.**

Messrs. Fairrie, of Liverpool, sugar refiners, used to employ eight chemists; the Appeal Tribunal took the last of them, and the chemical department had to close down. One direct result was that 6,720,000 lbs. of syrup was not made for human consumption; instead, the stuff was turned into molasses for cattle. The firm is under Government control, and that last man, taken from its laboratory, has not gone to shoulder a rifle, but into some military laboratory to learn another branch of chemistry.

**Wonder What He'll Say!**

How much do they pay the Medical Officer of the West Grinstead district? Whatever it is, he is overpaid. The Relieving Officer had informed the Horsham Guardians that a certain woman at Partridge Green had died in February. But the M.O. reported that, during March, he had visited the patient, "who remained about the same." Perhaps, after all, this is an unpleasant sort of humour. Still, we think the Guardians are well justified in wanting to know how the M.O. came to report for a second time that he had visited a dead person.

**Saving Her Bacon.**

Mrs. Gadesden, of Burley, Hants, had in her possession five hams and six chines (in the hall); four hams and four sides of bacon (in the larder); five hams, one Irish ham, and four sides of rancid bacon (on the rack). Total 551 lbs., of which 60 lbs. was Irish. The lady made much of the fact that some of the stuff had gone rancid, and so it was plain she hadn't meant to hoard it. She also had 23 lb. tins and 3 glass jars of sardines, 41 lbs. of sugar and 137 lbs. of flour. £10 in the bacon case; the other cases dismissed. And the funny thing is that the lady's Christian name is *Dora!*

**In God's Acre.**

Some parsons, affecting æsthetic tastes, object to artificial wreaths in the churchyards they control. There was buried at Rougham, Norfolk, a soldier—one who volunteered and paid the price of sacrifice. His wife and her mother lived at Rougham, and hospital patients—comrades in war and in suffering with the dead man—contributed an artificial wreath for his grave. It is a pretty thing, but the Rector, the Rev. Mr. Pilgrim, has banned it from the churchyard. Is there no grief so great as to touch his heart, no service so noble, no love so sincere, as to move him for once to relax his iron rule?

**More Paper Waste.**

Among the champion wasters of paper the persons responsible for the National War Aims pamphlets occupy a prominent niche. Millions of these leaflets are distributed, generally in packets of seven, representing tons of paper wasted and incalculable labour and man-power expended in the wrong direction. At this stage of affairs, surely nobody needs to be initiated into our War Aims in this bland and childish fashion. It is not a time for tracts.

**An Inviting Parlour.**

A female tout, acting on behalf of the fraudulent Blind Aid Society, having some time ago been brought up at the Oxford City Police Court in respect of an unauthorised street collection, it is our pleasure to state that, if any official of the Society cares to wait upon the Chief Constable, he may have the collecting-box and contents which were then impounded. Perhaps Mr. William Blackburn—no stranger to police stations—would care to call.

**Queer Propaganda!**

Without in any way commenting upon the proceedings now pending in the Maud Allan–Pemberton Billing case, we may be permitted to express our surprise that as dramatic propagandist in "neutral" countries, Mr. Grein should propose to dish up such plays as "Salome"—which the Lord Chamberlain will not license here—and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," neither of which, surely, is calculated to give a very accurate picture of our national life.

**Simple Life in Sussex.**

Somewhere in Sussex thousands of pounds had been spent on a new Aviation Park before this place, like others, was declared unsuitable, and the work closed down. The curious part of the business is that, though hundreds of hands were discharged, there are still large numbers about the place drawing a pay roll of some hundreds weekly for doing nothing, for nothing may be done. But they are quite happy—sometimes very happy; and there are no restrictions as to diet, each man being able to secure as big a meal as he fancies, for self and friends. What does it all mean?

**An Abiding Scandal.**

In some directions we have seen reason to amend our views in regard to Canadian affairs, but we are still as firmly opposed as ever to the sending out of boys and girls from workhouses and charitable institutions in this country to work on farms in the Dominion. The cases in which these reckless experiments have proved successful are widely advertised, but there is another side to the picture, and, unfortunately, we have ample evidence of the brutal ill-treatment and shocking neglect to which, in some instances, these poor waifs have been exposed.

**Hun Husbands.**

The fate of English women married to German subjects is necessarily a hard one; in some instances, it amounts to tragedy. Moreover, in certain cases a painful situation is made worse by the failure of the authorities to enforce the wife's right of maintenance against a defaulting Hun. In one instance—that of Mrs. Vorwerk, the circumstances of which have already been discussed in these columns—a patriotic woman of English birth is now informed that her husband, after a period of internment, is shortly to be deported to Germany, thus escaping all further liability towards her. Poor woman!

**More Closing of Munitions.**

Evidently more munitions are not wanted, for factories continue to close. A Kynoch factory, Somewhere in Essex, has given notice to workmen and girls, and, we are told, is announced to close down finally on April 20th. Essex is rubbing its eyes, and wondering if it is a dream.

**Compulsory Idleness.**

The Port of London Authority has a curious method of compelling slacking by its Permanent Staff. It declines to pay the men for overtime, though their wages are not large. Instead, it adds up the hours of overtime worked and, at the end of the month, orders the men to take an equal number of hours off, amounting to days at a time. Compulsory idleness when the docks are busy seems rather silly, even though it purports to save a pound or so in wages.

**Done at Dundee.**

Dundee's Food Control Committee has appointed as its Assistant Officer, salary £250, the Chairman of its Parish Council, who is also in a snug berth in the Railway office. An unsuccessful applicant was an ex-Army officer, discharged for wounds, whose business has gone West through the war. A Labourist was partly responsible for the vote—his excuse being that the State should provide for wounded soldiers and keep them from work. In this instance, he seems to practise the second part of his preachment.

**Tram Fares for Wounded.**

When Corporations put up their tram fares they should have consideration for the wounded. At Blackpool the Hospital is three miles from the town, and the cost of trams to oversea men is 3d. a day, out of an allowance of 3s. a week. At Nottingham the increase in some fares is as much as 400 per cent. A man lamed for the country's sake should never be called on to shell out so hugely.

**After Two Years.**

After two years a soldier returns to his native town and seeks a glass at the "house" he knew before he went to the war. He is met with a refusal—"Only enough for regular customers." And he, too, would have been a regular customer if he had not been a regular brick and risked all for King and Country! This is a common experience of men on leave, and we do not envy the publican who refuses a drink to a khaki hero.

**Mrs. T. Atkins.**

Edinburgh joins many other towns in raising official salaries. The City Superintendent of Works gets another £150, making his wage £700; the Inspector of Cleansing has £100 added, bringing his annual bit up to £600, and so on right through and down the list of Council officials. To take another point, Birkenhead tram-girls have received increases of 13s. weekly since war started—nor do we grudge it to the girls. We only wish to say that Mrs. T. Atkins's allowance remains at 12s. 6d.

**The Blythe Way.**

In Scotland among the starch producers there is a feeling, amounting to indignation, at one of the latest appointments under the Ministry of Food. All the trouble is due to giving a job to Mr. Alfred Blythway, formerly Alfred Rohde, who is not only of military age but is new to the business he is now to dominate. This is the blythe way of doing it.

**'Ware Ware!**

Mr. Robert Ware would do very well in Berlin, but he is no good to Portsmouth. This is made certain by the fact that the Magistrates have just mulcted him £5 for selling as beef 250 lbs. of deceased gee-gee to a man who converted it into sausage and in turn passed it on to an unsuspicious multitude at 1s. 2d. per lb. The gee-gee has not been identified. If it was a racehorse, all that can be hazarded about it is that it probably earned more dead than it ever did alive.

**By Way of Thank-You.**

Attention given to national interests is not appreciated by the Aberdeen Port Labour Committee. A member dared to acquaint Sir Auckland Geddes that several lusty youths had received exemption from the Committee and were sheltered as tallymen at the Royal Naval Stores, Aberdeen, and that in other cases men might be released by substitution. There was no reply to his communication, but, a little later, the Board of Trade asked for that member's resignation, on the ground of alleged "differences" between himself and the Committee. A poor vote of thanks!

# *Candid Communications.*

***This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.***

**To the Right Hon. Sir George Cave, M.P., Home Secretary.**

DEAR SIR GEORGE,—Are you aware that German officers interned at Southend are being taken out for airings in chars-à-bancs, and shown all the interesting sights in the neighbourhood? I pass over the somewhat unfortunate discrepancy between the normal treatment of prisoners here and in Germany, but doesn't it strike you that your officials must be gone clean barmy to give enemy officers special facilities for inspecting the salient features of our East Coast country? JOHN BULL.

**To Horatio Smith, Postal Servant, Royal Engineers.**

DEAR SMITH,—You are unworthy of your name and profession, for you have been found guilty of robbing your comrades of the parcels intended for their comfort at the Front. You had no excuse—for thanks to your 27 years' postal service you were in receipt, with war bonus, of 56s. a week. Really your conduct is so contemptible that words fail me, and although I should be the last to wish to deprive any man of his pension, I almost regret that in order to spare you that added penalty, the Magistrate at the Guildhall Police Court, London, sent you to prison *without hard labour*. JOHN BULL.

**To Gerald Du Maurier, Esq., Wyndham's Theatre, London.**

DEAR DU MAURIER,—You have, I understand, already applied for a commission in the Guards and so set an example to those members of the dramatic profession who will come within the earlier calling-up notices of the new Military Service Act. It is just what was expected of you, and what an old Harrovian *would* do. Already the actors have given some of their youngest and brightest to the fighting ranks, and—while it is true a certain number have been merely masquerading in uniforms, both blue and khaki—the majority who have joined up have shown the true British spirit. Good luck to you, Gerald! JOHN BULL.

**To Sir Richard Burbidge, Managing Director, Harrod's Stores, London, W.**

DEAR SIR RICHARD,—I understand that until recently the women employed in your bedding factory were getting the pre-war wages of 18s. a week. If that be true, it was scandalous. But now, to make matters worse, piece-work has been introduced. I need quote only a few items from the list:—"2 ft. 6 ins. mattress cases, own welting, 3d.; mattress bound, or patent pipings, 2½d.; top off overlays, including sewing, 5d.; top bordered mattress, including sewing, 7d. . . . *Hair Pillows, inside cases, 6d. a dozen.*" What have you to say about it?

JOHN BULL.

**To the Rev. F. A. Gage Hall, Tissington.**

SIR,—You emit a customary scream about the war being a "just judgment" on this nation for its "sin." And you proceed to object to a dance at Ashburton on Wednesday in Holy Week, "the day on which Judas sold our Master for thirty pieces of silver." I do not dispute your dates, but I note your statement that the dance was "in the interests of the Workers' Union." As the poster boldly prints, "In Aid of the Derbyshire Infirmary, Cottage Hospital and Red Cross Hospital," it seems you were as incorrect as you were intolerant. In so good a cause, the dance was justified—even at the risk of discourtesy to the memory of Judas Iscariot. JOHN BULL.

**To Mrs. Cunliffe-Owen, Loughborough.**

MADAM,—I see you are wanting a "good single-handed cook," well up in "sweets, pastries, entrées" and other war-time dainties, and although there are only three of you in family you are not ashamed to announce that there are "four servants kept." I don't know how you are going on for sugar, flour or margarine, but in human labour power you are exceeding your proper rations. Now you know what I think. JOHN BULL.

**To the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill, M.P., Minister of Munitions.**

DEAR MR. CHURCHILL,—All manner of hindrance to war undertakings is being caused through delays in granting permits. I am told of a firm which received an order for certain machines, urgently wanted, which they could have delivered in seven days, but it took as many weeks to obtain the necessary authority. Another concern, supplying tools to shipyards, has had its output held up for nearly four months through similar causes. I am sure, now that your personal attention has been drawn to the matter, you can find a remedy for this deplorable state of affairs. JOHN BULL.

**To the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, London.**

SIR,—Almost for the first time in your life, you have said the right thing at the right time—for in a recent interview you have expressed the opinion that, "under the circumstances, there is no reason why the clergy and ministers should not join the combatant ranks." There never has been any reason for the conscientious objection of the youngest of them, and now that the grey-hairs are about to be pressed from the congregations there is less reason than ever why the pulpit should not furnish its quota of Christian soldiers marching on to war—for what is right in the people cannot be wrong in the priest. JOHN BULL.

**To Mr. Eastwood, Member of the Wallasey Council.**

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—You have aroused my sleeping appetite by saying there is more meat in Liverpool to-day than there ever has been, and that there are meat-laden ships in the river that cannot be discharged because there is nowhere to store the cargo. There are lots of hungry tummies prepared to store that meat. If Liverpool has got a supply that breaks records, I would hint that a little village called London is ready to take its share. JOHN BULL.

# UNFIT AND UNWANTED.

By a Discharged Soldier.

*[We print this article not necessarily agreeing with all its sentiments, but because it expresses the views of the majority of discharged men. It will be noticed that in the debate on the Man-Power Bill Sir Auckland Geddes made an appeal to employers of labour "to be, if they can, a little more helpful in finding employment for these men."]*

WE are all willing to admire the patriotic spirit of the girls and women who have in many cases voluntarily surrendered a life of comparative indolence and ease in order to release a fit man for the Army. But when are we to hear of the first one to surrender that position for the benefit of one of the hundreds of unfit men which the Army disgorges every day? Employers have become so used to the delights of being surrounded by female helpers that the discharged soldier is forgotten. Take the "Situations Vacant" columns of any newspaper and for every discharged soldier that is advertised for you will see that employers are tumbling over each other to secure the services of "Girls," "Young Ladies," and "Women." I have just been studying the advertisement columns of a largely-circulated provincial daily, and a list or classification of persons wanted is as follows—excluding skilled men and youths:—"Girls," *ad lib.* "Ladies," 16. "Women," *ad lib.* The solitary mention of a discharged soldier being required is in the following typical advertisement. "Girl wanted for office, or discharged soldier would suit." Any discharged soldier will tell you what scant recognition his application receives when pitted against female opposition.

### The Pensioner's Plight.

There are thousands of men in this country to-day, convalescent after months of hospital life, many of them still receiving out-patient treatment, dependent for their existence upon an often inadequate pension, to whom the opportunity to earn a few extra shillings per week by some clean light work, besides relieving them of the need for idling away their time, would be a veritable godsend. Then, again, there are the numerous offices of the Local War Pensions Committees scattered throughout the country. There is to be seen day after day a dejected procession of discharged and idle heroes, still dazed by the horrors and sufferings they have been through, applying for temporary relief or supplementary grants to enable them to obtain the further treatment of which they are in need. These Committee offices are staffed in the majority of cases by girls or elderly men (the latter obviously over military age for *this* war, and yet often wearing the once coveted silver badge) to whom no man can air his grievances without a feeling of humiliation and with doubt of his position being understood. He has by this time ceased to expect sympathy.

### Tell Us *Now!*

Yet surely here is the opportunity for acting on the old adage, "Charity begins at Home." Fortunate is he whose injuries do not interfere with his return to his former employment; but what of the craftsman who has lost a hand, and the cases of shell-shock and neurasthenia? These men, who must start life over again, with the additional handicap of losing faith in their own ability, must choose for themselves a new vocation. They are not fitted to return immediately to factory hours and life. With strength sapped by enforced idleness in hospital, they are in need, for a time at any rate, of the very positions whch the flapper community have monopolised for the country's benefit. Sooner or later there will have to be a return to the old order of things. Tommy will be coming back by the thousand where he now returns by the score. Will the females who stepped into the breach in time of war be ready to vacate it with the arrival of peace? It is time to decide! The men who return to civil life have to meet this problem in its most practical form, and are entitled to an answer *now*.

## RIGHTEOUS OVERMUCH.

### THE INFERIOR MANNERS OF A LADY SUPERIOR.

In the ordinary way we should not have much sympathy to expend upon a married man who had got into trouble through relations with a single woman; but "circumstances alter cases." A soldier now in hospital is perfectly candid in his confession of wrongdoing. A child is expected in July or August. There is every reason to believe that he intends to deal honestly with mother and child—so he should have been spared the grossly insulting and abusive letter recently addressed to him by Miss Mary Gordon Rudge, Lady Superior of the St. Mary's Home, Reading, to which institution apparently the prospective mother is shortly to be admitted. "It is not for me to emphasise the enormity of your mutual sin," writes this implacable censor. "For that you will both answer at the just and stern tribunal of Almighty God, which most certainly awaits you." After this promising start the stern lady proceeds to lay down the law—not as it is, but as she would like it to be. "You will"—Miss Gordon Rudge has no use for any mood but the imperative—"pay me on behalf of —— a regular certain sum per week; either remitting it yourself or allotting it through the Army Pay Department"; also the soldier is expected to sign a voluntary agreement, prepared by Miss Rudge's lawyer, promising 5s. weekly towards the child's maintenance up to the age of 15, or, in certain circumstances, 18 years. All this, no doubt, the repentant father would be quite willing to do, but he naturally objects to insolent bullying. "I have the name of your Chaplain, your principal Medical Officer, and your C.O.," concludes this virtuous lady. "If you make the least trouble I shall apply to them. Your career doesn't interest me in the least, for, to me, who come of a race of real English soldiers, you and such as you are a disgrace to your God, your King, your country and your uniform. It is a comfort to think you are in a home camp, so that the honour of dying for our dear country is denied you." Evidently, Miss Gordon Rudge is one of the "good" people whom the little girl asked God to "make nice."

## NO CURE, NO PAY.

### CRUEL TREATMENT OF AN INSURED CONSUMPTIVE.

We begin with an extract from the letter of a Totnes reader:—"I have a niece with me who has been ill for some time, and the doctors say she will never be any better. She has been to a sanatorium, but it has been all no good, and at present she is very ill. She was allowed 5s. per week under the National Insurance Act for milk and eggs, but as she cannot get any better, they have stopped it." Such a story of heartless officialism would be barely credible if it were not amply confirmed. It is true, it appears, that the poor girl was admitted for a time to a tuberculous sanatorium, where she fought a losing battle against overwhelming odds. Finally, she was discharged—to make room, perhaps, for a more "hopeful" case—a grant of 5s. a week being made by the Devon Insurance Committee to enable the patient "to continue the treatment at home." As a matter of fact, the poor child has no parents, but the relatives with whom she is living have been kindness itself in their care of her. The 5s. weekly was a help, though little enough in these days of scarcity and dearness. Now, in what may prove, if the doctors are right, the last few weeks of the patient's life, this pittance is cut off, the deprivation—we had almost said robbery—being coupled, as we understand, with the cruel suggestion that application for further assistance should be made to the Guardians. To cut off the extra nourishment granted under the National Insurance Act to a tuberculous patient simply because she has become too ill to be cured is a flagrant injustice, especially when it is remembered that the payment in question is not a charitable dole, but a return for contributions compulsorily paid.

## BOGUS EXAMINATIONS.

### MUSICAL DISTINCTION FOR ALL WHO CAN PAY.

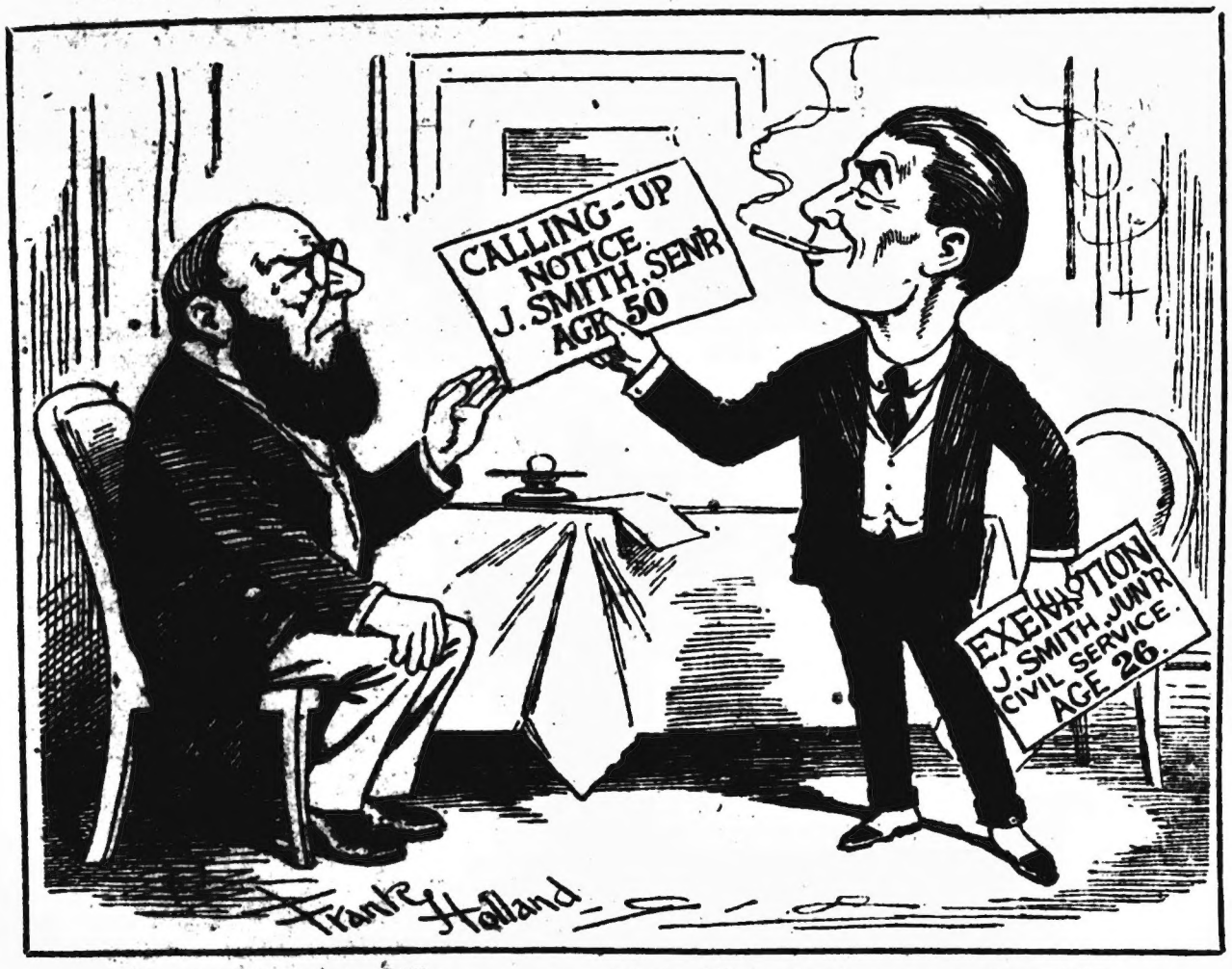
Even Mr. Wackford Squeers could see "advantages" in a University degree. The charm of such decorations, to say nothing of their market value, has been practically recognised by Mr. J. H. Lewis, D.C.L., F.E.I.S., Mus. D., Warden and Licensed Lay Chaplain, also Trustee and Fellow of the Incorporated Guild of Church Musicians. On paper this curious "Guild" is quite a pretentious body. Among its "Foundation Patrons" is a dead Archbishop, the late Dr. Temple, and the present Bishop of Manchester, the Right Rev. Bishop J. E. C. Welldon, D.D. The actual business of the Guild consists in examining candidates for musical degrees, and, not to miss the main point, in the collection of fees from aspirants to distinctions. It has no Royal Charter, and no serious academic status; it is, in fact, a purely commercial undertaking. "Certificates of Membership, also Diplomas of Associate, Licentiate, and Fellow, are conferred in accordance with the Memorandum and Articles of Association under which the Incorporated Guild operates by license of His Majesty's Board of Trade." This is a pretty way of putting it, the plain inference being, however, that the I.G.C.M. is a Limited Company, whose business is to traffic in musical degrees, which, as a matter of fact, are without value as evidence of musical attainments. "Dr." Lewis has been previously associated with such shady concerns as the Victoria College of Music, the London College of Music, etc., etc., and although his latest venture, the Incorporated Guild of Church Musicians, is housed in one room at 18, Berners Street, W., we have good reason to believe that a remunerative business is carried on there.

## A QUEER GAME.

### OLD DOGS AT NEW TRICKS.

Some of our readers may be interested to know that it is proposed to revive the National Association for the Prevention and Amelioration of Deafness, Limited, a concern associated with the shady memory of Mr. E. Thorp Hincks. A curious circular to former customers, dated from 17, Wimpole Street, London, W., announces the coming resurrection. "'Our Managing Director,' it is stated, 'was invalided out of the Army last month, and we are therefore able to re-commence our assistance to the deaf sooner than was expected.' Assuming Mr. E. Thorp Hincks still to be the Managing Director of the N.A.P.A.D., Ltd., we should welcome further particulars of his military service; meanwhile, we shall watch with considerable interest certain novel expedients which the Association have in view. "It is our intention," they announce, "to start immediately workshops to train discharged deaf soldiers to make all kinds of aids for the deaf." Since the N.A.P.A.D., Ltd., in spite of its high-sounding title, is simply and solely a trading corporation, it may be assumed that this new project is to be organised upon commercial lines; we should therefore welcome a little fuller information, especially in regard to the wages to be paid, and the general conditions under which discharged soldiers are to be employed. What we already know of Mr. E. Thorp Hincks and his associates is scarcely calculated to relieve our anxiety on these heads, and as our readers know, we are resolutely opposed to anything faintly resembling the commercial exploitation of men who have suffered in their country's cause. The N.A.P.A.D. should for its own sake be anxious to remove any cause of suspicion.

## SENIOR SERVICE.




SMITH, JUNIOR: "Here you are, Dad. They don't want to lose ME, but they think YOU ought to go!"

### A NOSEY PARKER.

#### BUSY PERFUMER'S PERFUMED SUGGESTIONS.

Mr. R. Blackwell Breidenbach, whose name can scarcely be his fortune in these critical times, is registered under the Business Names Act against the firm of Breidenbach and Co., Perfumers, Soapmakers, etc., and there is no possible doubt that Mr. Blackwell Breidenbach is a very busy man. Indeed, his energies are so abundant that they cannot be confined within the ordinary channels of trade, and in almost any department of public affairs, especially where delicate questions of morality are concerned, one is apt to run up against Mr. Breidenbach's intrusive nose. This good gentleman, it must be confessed, is somewhat easily shocked; it is as easy to bring a blush to his cheek—and Mr. Breidenbach has a colossal cheek—as to that of Mr. Podsnap's "young person," as witness the following letter lately addressed by him to a certain public authority. A brand of cigarettes, it seems, had been advertised by means of a pictorial poster, showing a young lady in light and airy garb, whereat Mr. Blackwell Breidenbach thus snorted his righteous wrath:—

> I am writing to enquire from you whether you still consider, in view of the efforts which are being made throughout the country to stop anything which may be considered indecent, that this poster ought not to be removed from all public hoardings in London. . . . My view is, and always has been, with regard to this poster, that it is suggestive of a gay woman's night attire, and that the exposure of her thigh is calculated to excite the passions amongst young people who, at a time like this, need, more than ever care and protection.

Having penned this virtuous protest, the gifted gentleman was probably off on a tour of one of the London districts, where he has set himself up as a sort of unofficial detective, looking for "treating" and other breaches of the law. Mr. Breidenbach declares himself to be of British nationality and origin. If he had been a German, he might have effected a wonderful improvement in the moral standards of that decadent race.

### INVALIDS AND RATIONS.

#### CRUEL EFFECT OF FOOD RESTRICTIONS.

There is no doubt whatever that existing food restrictions are imposing a terrible strain upon those who from their condition of health stand in exceptional need of ample sustenance, and that of the most nourishing kind. It is true that some slight concessions have been granted tuberculous patients, while those suffering from diabetes, or "pancreatic insufficiency," may purchase extra allowances of meat and butter if they are lucky enough to find tradesmen with a surplus to sell—but even in these cases there is no guarantee of extra supplies, while in all others the invalid must put up with the ordinary rations, even though the shortage of flesh or fats should hurry him to the grave. This is a deplorable state of affairs, in which the establishment of an Invalids' Section at the Ministry of Food, with expert medical advice at hand, has so far effected no improvement. A South London reader, the step-father of an invalid girl, called at the Waltham Green Food Office in the hope of obtaining extra rations for the patient, who was certified by her doctor to be suffering from "a wasting disease," with an operation in prospect, making it all the more necessary that her strength should as far as possible be maintained. However, the application was waved aside, with the parrot formula, "Tuberculosis or diabetes," and although the doctor afterwards furnished a second certificate that "the case was just as bad as that of a person suffering from tuberculosis," this blank refusal was subsequently repeated in a formal letter from the Invalids' Section of the Food Ministry. Another reader, responsible for the care of an old lady to whom a fair supply of meat was a medical necessity, received a similar intimation from Dr. W. H. Thompson, Scientific Adviser to the Food Controller. If we had officially adopted the brutal Germhun notion that the "unfit" might as well die out, and the sooner the better, such methods would be intelligible. In our view, they are a crying scandal.

### HUNS SET FREE.

#### OUT OF INTERNMENT INTO HOME COMFORTS.

The release of Huns from internment proceeds apace. One gentle German, aged only about 33, secured his freedom from a camp and, being afraid of air-raids, has had the impudence to settle himself in a Berkshire village, under the Aldershot Command, and not far from Wellington College. The privileges allowed this man have aroused much irritation locally, and the village wants him removed from what should be a prohibited area. Another Germhun is enjoying himself, after a period of internment, in a hamlet of Westmorland. He drives a grocer's delivery-cart, and has free run of something like fifty square miles of country. If he does no other mischief, he is taking the bread out of the mouth of some man returned discharged. It seems to be considered a matter of "policy" to release enemy persons from internment, but it is a policy with which we profoundly disagree. Instead of letting out, we would place more in.

### A MAN OF TOO MANY PARTS.

#### THE MULTI-SIDED BOSS OF BRIERLEY HILL.

Mr. A. E. Marsh, of Brierley Hill, Staffs., may not possess a coat of many colours, but he owns several cloaks that cover a multitude of prerogatives. He is a Magistrate, Chairman of the Brierley Hill Urban Council, member of the Brierley Hill Tribunal, and he runs a bacon factory and a number of shops. The local newspapers, when they report Tribunal decisions, group "Marsh's List" together in one sweet sequence, as though it were nothing to marvel at. One "Marsh's List" chronicles 17 applications, and 17 exemptions, mostly for periods of six months. In another little "Marsh's List" the exemptions, all granted, were for three months. We find Mr. Marsh gravely reporting to the Tribunal as a defaulter a local butcher who had been given exemption "conditionally on his going to help—as the other butchers did—in the local bacon factory." If this is, as it seems to be, the factory run by Mr. Marsh's firm, that gentleman's position becomes very anomalous. It is by no means right that one man should have the power to direct the destinies of an entire district, and Mr. Marsh might do worse than retire gracefully from some of his offices.

### DIRTY BRIGHTON.

#### THE DUST BINS AND THE DUST SHOOT.

"Dr. Brighton" looks like changing its name to Dirty Brighton, on account of the dustbins and uncollected house refuse. Many householders cannot get the stuff removed; when it is, it becomes a public nuisance. One person has had no call from the dustmen for seven weeks, and, when last heard of, was still waiting, and holding his nose. A worthy journalist waited five weeks, not patiently, but fuming, like the refuse. Then, tired of that, he dug a deep hole in his garden and buried the stuff. While he was still wishing peace to the ashes, up came the dustmen, and they, worthy gentlemen, were good enough to approve his act. "Quite right," they told him. At least it saved them a job. In another instance a dustbin, used by occupiers of three shops, had not been emptied for four months. There are numerous similar cases in Brighton, but the charge against the Corporation goes further. For about four months it has been the practice to empty such refuse as is collected on to the foreshore at Kemp Town, and to leave it there, open to wind and weather. Smell and germ-laden dust constitute alike annoyance and menace to residents and passers-by, and travellers on the Electric Railway get the full benefit of both. Daily as many as 120 cartloads are tipped on to the foreshore, and Brighton must know that, nasty as this is in cold days, the approach of warmer weather may turn the situation to positive disaster. "Doctor Brighton" needs to cleanse himself and change his habits.

# FAIR PLAY FOR

## *Bring Back Robertson; And What About Allenby*

*By THE*

IN the hour of our peril, with the enemy battering our brave armies and contesting with hot impatience the blood-soaked fields of war, our greatest strategist—the man who, with a nation's unanimous consent, put on the mantle of Kitchener—stands on the East coast looking with brooding eyes over the grey waters. What was Robertson's fault? He told the truth; he saw the future in its pregnancy of unborn dangers; he counselled Ministers; he realised in all its reality the fatefulness of the Western Front; he knew our army needed more men, and—let it be put on record to his pride—he asked over a year ago for the men who must fill the gaps. That historic request for 500,000 men was ignored. There was a pretence of acquiescence in Downing Street, which did lip service to the great soldier—and made a feeble attempt with "Brummagem goods" to meet the military demands, wasting hundreds of thousands of pounds on that Neville Chamberlain scheme which was foredoomed to failure. And now to-day, with the guns reverberating across the North Sea, Sir W. Robertson hears the call and cannot answer. He knows our agony of spirit, yet he cannot assuage it. Our greatest strategist in a war of strategy, when intellect is the governing factor and poor human beings only the instruments to be used, looks idly on. While we conscript bodies, we scrap brains. Kitchener was done to death by treachery—Russians working with the hounds of Germany made his murder possible—and his successor's splendid powers in this intense crisis of our Imperial destiny have been made impotent by ignorance and degraded by jealousy. Enough of this gross and criminal fooling! Let the nation demand that forthwith General Sir William Robertson shall be recalled to the War Council and reinstated in the position he covered with honour—that his high character and rich attainments, his military knowledge and his strategical genius, shall once more be at the full command of the country that needs him. To conscript bodies and scrap brains is a madman's policy. This war trembles in the balance because the best minds are crippled and the finest initiative crabbed.

### Soldier *v.* Politician.

Personally, I shall need a good deal more evidence than the airy sentences of the politicians to convince me that it is on the soldier that all the blame must be laid. But wherever the blame be, let it be brought home to the blameworthy—and without delay. If gross mistakes have been made, then it is insulting to suggest that inquiry can be left for a more convenient season. *This* is the season. Ministers are asking for fresh and more grievous sacrifices of the men of Britain. They cannot, and dare not, leave the impression on the public mind that all that is wanted is "mere cannon fodder." Every father, son and husband is precious and beloved, and so long as there is a belief that gallant men have been thrown into the furnace of war with reckless disregard of life, or in blundering and fumbling ignorance, there is trouble to be faced—and at home. First of all, we want some explanation of the Prime Minister's carefully read statement in the House the other day. This is what he said:—

> Owing to the growth of the strength of our armies in 1917, when this battle began, the combatant strength of the whole of the German army on the Western Front was only approximately, *though not quite, equal* to the total combatant strength of the Allies. In infantry they were slightly inferior, in artillery they were inferior, in cavalry they were considerably inferior, and, what is very important, they were undoubtedly inferior in aircraft.

There you have it—inferior in men, guns, cavalry and aeroplanes. Inferior, too, I declare, in the fighting spirit of the glorious British soldier—inferior in everything but brains. And yet our greatest strategist stands on the East coast looking across the waters of possible invasion, and, with his thoughts divided between the awful conflict on land and the possible challenge on the seas, may be thinking, as I am thinking, "Where is Jellicoe?" Really we are a nation of patient asses, of uncomplaining nincompoops—unworthy to win the victory which is ours for the struggling after over the hateful German, if we remain silent while a great soldier and a great sailor are forced to stand with folded arms and impotent hands in these days of death-grips with the enemy. We know what the military brains and fiercely cruel spirit of the War Lords of the Hun are striving for with ever-growing and calculated recklessness—Paris or Calais, or both. The battle sways—the proud sons of Britain and of France sweat and bleed in this fierce conflict, but for the moment victory is denied. A menace—a real, immediate menace—of the French Coast would inevitably bring in the British Navy—waiting with panting impatience for the call. And then the rusty and creaking locks of the Kiel Canal, overgrown with the weeds of slinking fear, might be opened, and the long-predicted and awful battle *finale*—earth, sea and air joined in one great panorama of death—fall upon the eyes and ears of men. And our greatest sailor—the idol of the Fleet, the trusted of the British people—is playing golf in Surrey! Oh the tragi-comedy of it all!—worthy of an epic farce entitled, "Has anyone seen Jellicoe?" And what about Allenby? He has done brilliantly in the East, but to-day the peril is in the West and it is there we must concentrate the best brains the Army can give us. Remember his splendid success and conquering strategy at Arras last year. Surely there are others who can hold the Turk—the pressing need is to hurl back the German.

### Fair Play for the Middle-aged.

While we must back up the Premier, that does not mean giving a blank cheque to Ministers. Past mistakes are not to be remedied by present panic. We want cool heads in the Council Chamber as well as patriot souls in the nation. And while fathers—yes, and grandfathers and grey-beards—will be ready to do "all that doth become a man" if the necessity demands, they are not prepared to see this country fooled into bankruptcy and the industries of Britain put on the scrap heap, as is the case with the brains of great soldiers and sailors, merely because there are rattled minds in the Cabinet. That is why I take my stand on fair play for the middle-aged—and, despite anything that may happen in Parliament before these words of mine are published, I intend to do my part in seeing that they get it. One great point has already been assured—on paper at any rate—and that is, that the discharged soldier—the man of wounds and scars and broken health—is not again to be torn from the hearth to which he has but lately returned. My pledge to Tommy and Jack, I repeat, carries with it a solemn promise to defend the rights of the ex-soldier and sailor. But the authorities will want watching! If I could be certain that the new call would really help to win the battle in the West—that the middle-aged men were all the manhood left to us, and that by training the portly and the rheumatic, the flat footed and the weak-hearted, we could fill the gaps in our fighting forces in the next month or two—I would neither speak nor write one word in criticism. But *am* I certain? To listen to some of our Parliamentarians, anyone would think that Great Britain could live on salt water and that war was an inexpensive pastime. With one voice we are asked to lend our money to the State, and with another to acquiesce in schemes that will rob us of the means of earning the money to pay for a war as costly as it is cruel. Germany's economic position may be bad—I believe it is *very* bad. But I have not heard that the Hun is breaking up that great machinery of trade and industry by which he hopes in due time once again to battle with us in the markets of the world. *Do* let us be sane, and let the Government act with honesty and common sense. I read that there is to be a clean cut of the men of the Civil Service up to 25 *years of age*: the last "cut" two years ago, I recall, was up to 23—so that we are now being merely fooled and humbugged. There are thousands—hundreds of thousands—of young men whose responsibilities are small, whose families are in number negligible, who *must go first*—before you dig down deep into the roots of our national life, disorganise business and disrupt trade, for the sake of 7 per cent. of some unknown figure for the firing line. That won't do. Nor will the threat to deny to the middle-aged the right to that full statement of their case which the youngsters have possessed since the beginning of the war. We have had quite enough of the "crock" scandal—men flung into the Army and afterwards cast aside. And if there is a genuine desire for almost immediate accessions to the ranks, doesn't the veriest fool know that young men are trained and disciplined much better and quicker than

# THE MIDDLE-AGED.

## Has Anyone Seen Jellicoe?—To the Albert Hall!

EDITOR.

the men of 45? Yet the "clean cut" of the Civil Service is up to 25! Magnanimous chiefs of Departments—most self-sacrificing of Services!

### Conscript the "Conchy."

And now about that unspeakable abortion, the Conscientious Objector. Surely it is time to put an end to the farce. No such freak is recognised by the law of any of our Allies. Fighting for your country is no more a question of conscience than is paying your taxes. Personally, I have a strong conscientious objection to having my meals and social habits regulated by the State, and to a quarter of my earnings being conscripted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer—but my wishes are altogether ignored. And so it is with the question of Military Service. In the last resort, Force is the only remedy—and when the enemy is at the gate and threatening to devour the city and its inhabitants, it is the primary, fundamental duty of every citizen to spring to the defence. Besides, just as thrift is, generally speaking, another name for meanness, so is conscientious objection a synonym for cowardice. The "Conchy" must go—and go to the Front; there can be no maudlin sentimentality where war is concerned. Even if he has a real conscientious objection to taking human life, there is no reason why he should not give his own, whilst temporarily filling up the gaps in our ranks. In war, he also fights who stands and falls. Why on earth is the Prime Minister so afraid of these cranks? He cannot be thinking of their votes—we have already deprived them of the Franchise and, if I had my way, they should be deprived, too, of every other civil right. Let the Government show the same determination here as in the case of Ireland, and bring in an amending Bill to end this farce.

### Treachery Most Foul.

But whilst there are so many features of the Bill which I feel compelled adversely to criticise, there is one matter upon which I extend to the Prime Minister my sincerest congratulations—and that is his firm stand in regard to Ireland. No one can accuse me of being unsympathetic towards that country. During the seven years I sat in Parliament I voted for every measure of self-government for which the Nationalists asked, in the hope that that way might lie the solution of the eternal Irish problem; and I have in my possession letters from Mr. John Redmond and others thanking me for my support. I have watched the proceedings of the Convention, if without much hope, at any rate with the sincerest of good wishes—only to discover, as I feared, now that the Report is published, that all its labours will prove to have been in vain. And when this fact is finally demonstrated, I shall venture to put forward my own scheme, in which I believe will be found—drastic though it be—the ultimate remedy for the canker now gnawing at the very heart of our Empire. We, however, have to live in the present, when the fate of that Empire is hanging in the balance, and I want to know whether, at present, Ireland is, or is not, a part of the United Kingdom. If its membership is purely technical—if, in fact, the contention of the Nationalists is that they belong to a foreign country—then I want to know, first, why they sit in the British House of Commons; secondly, why they subscribed to the oath of allegiance to the King when taking their seats, and thirdly, why they accept the protection and money of England, Scotland and Wales. Viewed from any standpoint, the Irish opposition to military service is indefensible. "Give us an Irish Parliament," said several of the Members, "and we will gladly join the colours the next day." And yet these very Members have assented to a Home Rule Bill, now on the Statute Book but being held in suspense during the War, in which all questions of a naval and military character are reserved to the Imperial Parliament. If Home Rule were put into force to-morrow, Ireland would be in precisely the same position as regards Conscription as she is to-day. Besides, again and again every Nationalist leader, including the present nominal holder of that office, has pledged himself not to oppose Conscription whenever such a course became necessary in our struggle for the liberties of mankind—and, challenged in the House of Commons the other night, not one of them ventured to dispute the justice of our present struggle. The truth is that the Nationalist Party, fearful of the rivalry of the Sinn Feiners, is making common cause with them on this question of Military Service, in the hope of saving their faces—and their seats—at the next election. Some of them, indeed, openly revealed themselves in their true colours. Take the shameful speech of Mr. Lundon, Member for East Limerick, on the First Reading of the Bill. Here are a few choice extracts:—

> If you are going to put Conscription into force in Ireland, then I for one shall return to my own Constituency and tell the young men who have stood loyally by me during the last three years that it is better for them to die on their own doorstep than on the plains of France and Belgium on behalf of a gang of traitors and hypocrites. It is not the first time that you have shown us, 'Don't argue, but shoot' . . . . If you choose to send the harbinger of evil, then remember that you will have to meet a united Ireland, and an appeal will go from those sons of Ireland to their kith and kin in your regiments in France and elsewhere, *asking that, instead of turning their guns or their bayonets upon the Germans, they should turn them on the traitors who have once again betrayed their country.*

Now I do not hesitate to say that those words and threats constitute rank treason against the State, and a direct incitement to mutiny and murder; and if I have any reputation at all as a lawyer, I stake it upon my solemn declaration that this man could not plead "Privilege of Parliament" in the event of a criminal prosecution—any more than he could do so if he had deliberately drawn a pistol and shot the Prime Minister dead in the House. I marvel that no Member called the attention of the Speaker to the gravity of the offence, and, equally, that the Prime Minister did not at once move to have this fellow committed to the Tower, pending trial. I blush with shame to think that I ever stood on the same platforms with such a man, who ought to be "shot at dawn"—and I should like to be one of the firing-party. In a sentence, Ireland must remain in the United Kingdom—enjoying its privileges and sharing its burdens—or she must go out. She cannot have it both ways. Meanwhile, the English shirkers and the Irish young men now on the other side of the water must be called up. And, as regards the latter, I have sufficient faith in the sons of Erin to believe that it is not much callin' at all, at all they will require.

### To the Albert Hall!

Well, to bring all these things together, there can be no doubt that there is at present a deep undercurrent of unrest and discontent in the public mind—and the sooner an outlet is found for it, the better. It is physically impossible for me to deal with the sacksful of letters which reach me every day from all sections of the community; and with a view to furnishing a safety-valve for public feeling, and at the same time giving a trustworthy guide to the Government, I am convening a great open mass meeting at the London Albert Hall, on Saturday of next week, April 27th, at 3.30 in the afternoon, when I shall take the opportunity of dealing more fully with the various matters discussed in this article. There will be no tickets of any kind, but we shall be delighted to reserve seats for the Prime Minister and any of his colleagues who may care to come. Packed caucus ticket meetings, organised by Party agents, are all bluff and bunkum. Let the Government come itself, or send its representatives, to learn the real state of public opinion as voiced by this journal. My only desire is to help and not to hinder; but do not let us sit upon a volcano. We are passing through most critical days; we know that we have been fooled and failed in the past; we do not regard our statesmen as Heaven-sent super-men; we are prepared to forget and forgive much—and we are ready to go through to the end. But we mean to make it clear that Governments are the servants, and not the masters, of the people. The war has settled that point at any rate—and it is as the proud Tribune of the People that I shall venture to voice their sentiments at this meeting. I shall endeavour to indicate to Ministers how to grapple with the present crisis without dislocating and disorganising trade and commerce, and thereby not only destroying the main sources of national revenue, but at the same time throwing hundreds of thousands of men and women out of work; and I shall also have one or two things to say which in the present critical condition of affairs it is better at the moment not to put in print. But meanwhile, remember always it is "Tails up!"

# HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

### THE JERUSALEM EXPRESS.

*[Very obvious alien enters and appropriates two corners and a third seat by placing himself in one and a handbag and newspaper on the others. The compartment rapidly fills up, with the exception of the reserved places. Enters an elderly Englishman, who makes for the reserved corner.]*

ELDERLY E. (*to alien*): Is this your bag?

ALIEN: Yeth. That theat ith for a friend.

ELDERLY E.: Well, I'll take it till your friend appears. Kindly remove your bag.

ALIEN: I shall not. My friend will be 'ere in a minute.

ELDERLY E.: Then if you won't, I must (*Throws bag on other reserved seat, and makes himself comfortable in the corner.*)

ALIEN (*intensely excited*): It ith not fair. You 'ave no busineth to do that! That theat ith for a friend. 'E will be 'ere in a minute.

ELDERLY E.: When he comes he can shift me—if he can.

ALIEN (*with increased excitement*): You 'ave no right! We are theathon-ticket 'olders I come on in front to take the theats! W'ere ith the guard? Guard! 'E did not 'ear.

WORKING MAN: Don't make sich a rah. Some o' you bomb-shy blighters think you're everybody. Fust come, fust served. The gent's got the seat an' you can't shift 'im, 'owever much you wave yer 'ands about.

ALIEN: I do not thpeak to you. Mind you're own bisnith.

WORKING MAN: I reckon it *is* my bizniss. I fancy you've took the wrong train. This goes to Reading, not Jerusalem.

*[Enter 2nd obvious* ALIEN *followed immediately by a* WOUNDED SOLDIER. ALIEN *drops into the remaining empty seat, leaving the wounded soldier standing.]*

1ST ALIEN: I kept the corner for you, Isaac, but thith man moved my bag and took it. Call the guard, will you?

2ND ALIEN (*in loud whisper*): The tholdier might take my theat if I get up again. I will thit thtill. If Mosey cometh 'e muth thtand.

OLD LADY (*with small dog, attempts to rise*): I can't a-bear to see a wounded soldier standing. I'd sooner stand myself. *Do* take my seat.

WORKING MAN: You sit still, mother. 'Igh! You with the nose! 'Aven't you got sense enough to give this wounded Tommy a seat?

1ST ALIEN: Give 'im a theat yourthelf.

WORKING MAN: I don't want no argument. If yer don't give this wounded Tommy one o' yore seats I'll chuck yer bag outer the winder.

WOUNDED SOLDIER: It's all right, mate. I've fought for 'em an' bin wounded for 'em. I dessay I can manage to stand for 'em.

OLD LADY (*indignantly*): No! I insist on your taking my seat, my brave young fellow.

WORKING MAN: Reach me down that blighter's bag, somebody. I'll chuck it on the platform as shore as I'm sittin' 'ere if nosey don't give 'is seat up. Nice thing, w'en our young 'eroes 'as to stand as well as fight an' bleed fur sech scum.

2nd ALIEN: We didn't athk 'im to fight for uth, did we?

WORKING MAN: No, but 'e 'ad to, becos your sort 'aven't the pluck to fight for theinselves.

WOUNDED TOMMY: Don't worry, mate. Don't know as I should care to sit w'ere 'e's bin sittin'. Give us a rest on yer knee.

WORKING MAN: Come on, then. But you wait till the Labour Party is in power. It'll be England fur the English then.

ELDERLY ENGLISHMAN: That's an arguable point, my friend. (*Political argument begins.*)

## PRINTER'S PIE.

*(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")*

"EAST HAM RECORDER":—
"—— —— was charged with the UNLAWFUL POSSESSION OF 1 LB. 6 OZ. OF THE ROYAL ALBERT DOCKS."

"DAILY CHRONICLE" (advertisement):—
"Lad or elderly man wanted as carman by greengrocer; LAUGHING JOB."

"EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH":—
"Miss Craigie . . . said they wanted THE WOMEN OF EDINBURGH TO JOIN THE W.A.A.C.s IN THE SAME PROPORTION AS THE MEN OF EDINBURGH DID AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR."

"HOME WEEKLY":—
"The older man's EYES, gleaming with the light of hatred, LISTENED BREATHLESSLY to Tremayne."

"MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS":—
"Previous to the war A THIRD of the Nottingham lace exported went to the States. The quantity has FALLEN TO ONE-HALF."

"CROYDON ADVERTISER" (advertisement):—
"Rabbits, Flemish-Belgian; 6 weeks, 5s. each; also Fowls, 2 Geese, 1 GANDER (LAYING)."

"VANCOUVER DAILY PROVINCE" (advertisement):—
"Extra Weight Tea Store . . . is selling EIGHT-OUNCE PACKETS at ONE POUND PRICES for 45 and 50-cent. teas."

"PUCK":—
"UNTIL A MONTH AGO Gerald had lived in America WITH HIS FATHER. TWO MONTHS AGO HIS FATHER DIED."

"DERBYSHIRE ADVERTISER":—
"The people's warden (Mr. ——) announced that IT WAS HIS INTENTION TO RETIRE AFTER 27 YEARS' SERVICE. (APPLAUSE.)"


# AN AMAZING RECORD.

## The Progress of "Pelmanism."

Among the many notable achievements of the past three years the triumphant progress of "Pelmanism" stands out as wonderful in every way.

Three years ago "Pelmanism" was an "idea" known only to a few. To-day it is recognised as a new force of tremendous possibilities—a force that is swiftly conquering the world.

That this is no empty phrase is proved by the amazing record of things accomplished in every field of human effort by the aid of this remarkable system of mental training.

Take the Army and Navy. Nearly 25,000 officers and men—including 83 Admirals and Generals and thousands of Colonels, Commanders and other officers—have adopted Pelmanism and are daily reporting promotion, distinctions, and other advantages as a direct result. The number of officers who attribute their rank and their M.C., D.S.O., etc., to "Pelmanising" runs into hundreds. "The Pelman Course should be nationalised," writes one British General.—"Every soldier who takes his profession seriously should Pelmanise," writes another General.

### THE AMERICAN ARMY.

Officers and men of the U.S.A. forces are also adopting Pelmanism—urged to it by what they have seen and heard of its value at the Front.

Business men are achieving what was heretofore regarded as "impossible" by the aid of those famous "little grey books" in which the principles of Pelmanism are so interestingly explained.

Businesses have been rapidly doubled and trebled and incomes enlarged in proportion by those who have been quick to realise what "Pelmanism" means to an enterprising and ambitious worker.

Clerks, salesmen, typists, shopkeepers are, similarly, finding the study of "the little grey book" leads with certainty to bigger salaries and turnover. The Pelman Institute has received thousands of letters reporting increases of salary up to 100 per cent., 200 per cent., and, in a few cases, 300 per cent. and more.

Professional men (including Solicitors, Barristers, Doctors, Auditors, Accountants, Journalists, Clergymen, etc.) report in terms of gratitude and satisfaction. Many who began the Pelman Course in a mood of avowed scepticism became enthusiasts before the end of the Course.

"I thought Pelmanism was quackery," writes Sir James Yoxall, M.P. "Now I wish I had taken it up when I heard of it first."

"I started as a sceptic," says Mr. George R. Sims, the world-famous journalist. "When I finished I had become not only a believer but a disciple."

"Under a business government," says Mr. Bottomley, Editor of "John Bull," "the Pelman System would become a part of our national education."

### "MY BEST INVESTMENT."

Hundreds of Pelmanists describe the Course as "the best investment I have ever made." "A single one of the little grey books would be cheap to one at £100," is another remark often made.

"Before taking this Course," writes a business man, "I would never have believed it possible to reap such wonderful advantages in money, position, and economy of time and work."

"Truth" says, after investigating the records of Pelman students:—"Not one has expressed dissatisfaction. . . . On the other hand, there are very many who have found the results exceed their most sanguine expectations. . . . **If the full significance of the facts set forth were fully recognised the doors of the Pelman Institute would be literally besieged by those anxious to plant their feet firmly on the road to success.**"—("TRUTH.")

"I only wish I had taken the Pelman Course years ago" is a confession met with in hundreds of letters from Pelman Students. Men and women who have hesitated and doubted Pelmanism for years no sooner start the Course than the results make them feel keen regrets that they waited so long.

"Pelmanism" is not a magical secret key to success: there is no "mystery" about it. It simply develops the faculties of the mind by regular and scientific exercise: just as the athlete develops muscle by exercise. But people do not always realise this; they adhere to the exploded notion that "brains are born." Just as reasonably might they say that "muscle is born." Unused and unexercised muscles are always weak; unused and unexercised brains are always deficient.

There is not a man or woman who cannot immeasurably increase his or her brain-power by half an hour's daily practice of "Pelmanism"—thereby immensely increasing efficiency and earning-power. That fact is being daily proved in the plainest possible fashion by Pelman Students.

There are many hundreds of people—men and women—who have been enabled to realise hitherto unsuspected abilities and to attempt work and fill positions hitherto deemed impossible, simply as a result of "Pelmanising." Who is to say what *you* are capable of? You yourself do not know until you have tried. "Pelmanism" shows you how to try—shows you how to make the most of yourself and to enlarge your views of life.

Every man and every woman, whatever his or her position, income, or aims, should read the explanation of "Pelmanism" so interestingly given in "Mind and Memory," a book which may be truly said to have opened the doors of success for hundreds of thousands of all classes.

"Mind and Memory" (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a synopsis of the lessons) will be sent, *gratis and post free*, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report and a form entitling readers of "John Bull" to the complete Pelman Course at one-third less than the usual fee, on application to The Pelman Institute, 15, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Write to-day and learn all there is to know about the "little grey books" and the wonderful things that other men and women are accomplishing by their aid.

[Advt.

# "TOMMY AND JACK."

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

## "TOMMY."

**Whistling for Their Pay:**—The men of the 585th Employment Company at Dover want to know when they will get the full money granted to them from October 1st. Other companies are in the same boat; they can get no satisfaction from their Officers.

**Quite a Mistake:**—A lady called upon us the other day, and expressed the opinion that we have been "squared" by the Army Canteen authorities to keep quiet regarding them. This is quite an error, of course—in proof of which we take this opportunity of reaffirming our condemnation of the Board for the unjust profits they are making out of our Tommies.

**What We Did:**—We recently pointed out that the duty of orderly officer had not been performed in the Eastern Command Labour Centre at Sutton. We have received a numerously-signed letter telling us that an alteration was immediately made, and orderly officers seem literally to swarm there now.

**Things That Bite:**—A Company of the M. T. at Claydon are in the depths of misery. They are billeted in the Barham Workhouse, which is infested with bugs that bite, and owing to the neglect of hygiene there are other plagues of things that crawl and gnaw. If vermin killer is not obtainable, why not supply the men with shot-guns and sparrow-dust?

**"By Their Fruits":**—In consequence of a recent paragraph, a grievance of the men in the Command Depot at Alnwick was removed. It is significant that the captain paraded his men and gave them full permission to write as much as they liked to JOHN BULL—adding that he "did not care a—tinker's swear word—for Horatio Bottomley." Poor us!

**Hazing the Officers:**—The invalided officers at the Command Depot at South Camp, Ripon, complain that they are treated even worse than privates, who are in the same physical plight, and if half the statements they have made to us are true, we deeply sympathise with them—and congratulate our Hun prisoners, who are pampered and petted and fed like fighting-cocks.

**What a Difference!:**—In Scotland the other night—on the Sabbath too!—over twenty officers of a certain unit, headed by a Major, imbibed magnificently, and wound up by having a delightful rag in the streets. The Major was taken to the civil lock-up, which was stormed by the subalterns to liberate him. The matter was hushed up. An infantry soldier, arrested on the same night because he could not walk a chalk-line, was fined for drunkenness and punished in Battalion Orders. As the duty of setting a good examples devolves upon officers, any offence by them is really doubly heinous. We are astonished that the authorities did not see matters in this light.

**Baker Street Inquisitors:**—Who constituted Mr. Hogge's Pension Department at Baker Street a kind of bad-debts collection bureau? We recently sent a sum of money to help to bury a dead soldier, and now that the widow is about to receive her pension Baker Street has written asking us if we wish to have the sum collected from her, and returned to us. Certainly not! We are beginning to understand why the legitimate business of the Baker Street office is neglected.

**Where Are the Funds?:**—The Civil Liabilities Commissioners are supposed to look after the soldiers' rates, but they appear to be lax in their task. Numerous men, hundreds of miles away from their homes, receive the usual summons and cannot attend. In most cases their wives are put to it to make ends meet on very short rations, and as a result judgments are obtained, and in some cases distress levied to satisfy the local blood-suckers. This state of things *must* be changed.

**Doing Their Bit:**—Many discharged men who are entitled to the 1914 Ribbon have not yet received it, but they can buy it mounted on a piece of brass at a shop in New Oxford Street for 1s. 6d.—the outside value of the article being a third of that sum. The proprietors of the shop evidently think they are "doing their bit" in exploiting the needs of the discharged soldiers. By the way, is it legal to sell the ribbon without requiring proof that the purchaser is entitled to it?

## "JACK."

**Play Fair for the Lads:**—The youngsters at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, ask us why the Admiralty has broken faith with them in the matter of free kit on entry. We do not know—and leave it to the First Lord.

**Give Jack His Due:**—From the hour when war broke out, our fine bluejackets have been hard at work on all the seas. They feel sore that their soldier brothers ashore should receive all the badges and decorations, whilst they are left out in the cold. We quite agree with them, and hope to see the grievance speedily remedied.

**Hardly Just:**—The apprentices of the Merchant Service run the same risks as their skippers, yet they are granted only pre-war pay, with a bonus. It certainly is a shame.

**Sir Eric, Please Note!:**—Many of the Royal Fleet Reserve stokers, called up in August, 1914, were eligible for higher ratings when they left the Service. They have been waiting vainly for their lift during the weary years that have passed, and have almost given up hope of ever obtaining their rights. Let justice be done—though at the eleventh hour.

## "THE SILVER BADGERS."

**Where to Apply:**—Branch Secretaries, and Badgers in general, will be interested to learn that the Minister of Pensions has in a hand a considerable hoard of money, subscribed for the purpose of helping the distressed and assisting discharged men to start in small businesses. Our own little Fund is mainly designed to benefit the women and the kiddies.

**Apply the Boycott:**—When things are in good running order, we must take a leaf out of the Irishman's book, and apply the boycott to every trader who puts a ban on the Silver Badger in search of work; and particularly on the hounds who offer him starvation wages because he is in receipt of a small pension, earned at the risk of his life, when the employer was crouching in his funk-hole.

**Starvation Wages:**—When Silver Badge men, working for one of the largest firms of contractors in the Liverpool district begged for an increase in their starvation wages, they were told to "buzz off" if they were not satisfied. The official in fault is himself enjoying a good pension earned in civil life, and he seems to consider that humbler employees should accept boys' pay because they are in receipt of a small pension for patriotic sacrifices. We are afraid he is not the only Jack-in-office of this kind.

**What a Difference!:**—The Army Pay Corps has on its rolls about ten million cases that must be dealt with weekly, and yet everything works like a well-oiled machine. The Pensions Department has nothing like one-tenth of those cases, and yet it is one of the most chaotic of our Public Offices, and is certainly a disgrace to the country, as so many thousands of our discharged men have reason to know.

**Colonial Complaints:**—We are sorry to hear from Colonial soldiers in London that they are frequently held up by discharged men who ask them for money. Those cadgers mostly belong to the "won't work" class, of whom we have had a wide experience. Many of them call upon us for alms, and at the same time refuse fairly paid employment which we offer to obtain for them. They are despised by every decent Silver Badger.

**Wait and See:**—Badgers who are messengers at the Ministry of National Service are not supplied with uniform, overcoat or boots, while other Government messengers receive such equipment. On several occasions they have been promised that "it will be seen to." They are now asking, when? And we echo the word.

**The Wrong Men First:**—Our comrades who volunteered, broke down, and were discharged have much ground for kicking. They are being called up before the conscript skunks have been caught hold of We must not countenance mutiny, but it is truly astonishing how some, even of the very big wigs, are asking for trouble.

**Increasing the Unit:**—We are glad to note that new branches of the Federation have been formed at Redcar and at Manor Park. The address of the Manor Park Branch is Presbyterian Schoolroom, East Avenue, East Ham.

# "THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(*Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund."*)

*This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.*

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

**"Entirely Destitute":**—The wife of an ex-soldier so described herself. She was married to the man after his discharge, and misfortune seems to have dogged their footsteps. Both are in ill-health, and unable for the present to work—though, with our help, they may soon be fitted to do so.

**A Blue-Jacket Case:**—A Naval stoker lost his wife, she leaving a little child who had been admitted into hospital for an operation. The bereaved and bewildered man had to rejoin his ship, but before doing so had naturally to see that someone would attend the ailing child, the expense of which he could not meet without our aid.

**King Baby's Demands:**—A few months ago we asked our readers for discarded layettes; the response was generous, and we were able to comply with the appeals of young mothers. We have again before us several letters asking for clothing for newly-born infants, and we feel sure that when the need is realised our kind readers will send along suitable things for which they have no need in their own families. Thank you, ladies!

**A Restless Horse:**—Misfortune dogged the steps of a hardworking fellow. Thrown from his van and seriously hurt, he had to lay up for some time. Although his wife earns a little, they found themselves in arrears with rent.

**Broken in Service:**—An artilleryman is in hospital, suffering from mental delusions caused by nervous breakdown. His wife wished to do her best towards his recovery by her presence and attention, but the call of the four little ones made it impossible for her to do so without our aid.

**Before Hubby Comes Home:**—A soldier's wife was in a state of great anxiety. Her son, a youth of fifteen years of age, who had just started to help his mother with his earnings, was taken ill and died. In the meantime debts had accumulated, including rent, which latter we helped her to pay off, as she naturally wished to have it cleared before her husband came home.

**Two More from the List:—**

Wife of discharged man laid up; formerly was able to work and add to husband's small income.

Sailor's mother in distress; lost her husband and not in a condition to earn money.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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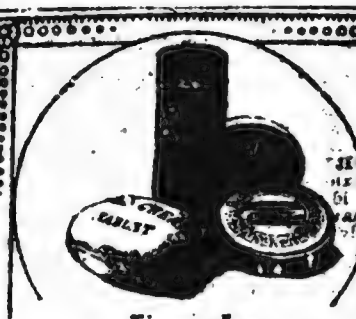

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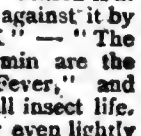

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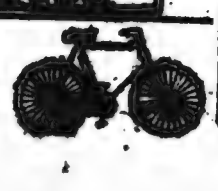

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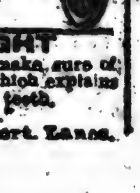

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*[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]*

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LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

T. T. (W.R. Regt.).—"I did not previously agree with all your methods, but during the war you have made good." Good.

M. P. S. (Calais).—Joke from the Front: "Jones has been made a corporal." "Who? What? Jones? Why he hasn't even the brains of a Brigadier-General!"

J. C. (Warrington).—Sorry you went to a Pacifist meeting, but glad you recognise their talk was "all rot."

"TWO DINKUM ANZACS."—Yours is a fine protest against attacks on our girls. You know them; so do we. The scoundrels who slander them are debased skunks beneath public notice.

R. F. R. (Dover).—"To settle an argument in the canteen, please explain all about the faces of the moon." Only seen one face, and it wears a smile that won't come off.

"FUSILIER" (Wickford).—If the butcher insults customers who are old and poor, he nearly deserves a cheap and chippy chopper on his own hard block.

J. S. (near Blackburn), to whom thanks, says she feels a better woman every time she reads our paper. We try to feel a better man every time we write it.

T. D. (Tottenham).—"The best anti-dote for the Germhun Long-Fritz is a bomb or two on Berlin." We also have our hopes.

A. C. and ORTHEN (Rutland).—The Education Bill is highly detailed and cannot be discussed without much argumentative elaboration. Persuade the Government to let us have more paper, and then——.

"POOR SOLDIER'S WIFE" (London).—We agree with you. It is understood that a lot of stay-at-home soldiers "with all the comforts" will have to face Germhun music now.

T. P. (Co. Down).—"Now we here in Ireland do not understand how meat is so scarce in England." You would if you had come into the fighting line.

"REVEREND" (Colwyn Bay).—What? Haven't you one redeeming vice?

"A SOLDIER" (Ypres).—"The Germhun pilot said 'We don't bomb your House of Commons because we get good information from there.'" Shouldn't be surprised if there *were* a gas leak.

SGT., R.E. (Woolwich).—On the Scotch express you entered a compartment with only two occupants, and a "gentleman" asked you to withdraw, as the carriage was reserved. *You did so.* Well, well!

"MOLLIKINS" (Manchester).—Never cuddle trouble. It belongs to yesterday. Forget it. You look prettiest when you smile. So smile, quick.

J. C[illegible]. (Lee).—Your "Socialist's Dream" ends: "A dustman on the Woolsack, The Chancellor cleaning boots; And I Premier of England!—Who threw those cabbage roots?" That's where *we* wake up.

"PRIVATE IN A LABOUR COMPANY" (B.E.F.).—"Correct your notion we are miles behind the lines. We are right in the thick of it. In last week's casualties, Labour Companies were second." We think you prove your case.

R. H. O. (Leeds) sends an envelope used by West Riding Insurance Committee to enclose one flimsy paper. It measuring 15 ins. by 10 ins. A colossal, shameful waste.

G. O. J. S. (Balham).—"To Hell with Ramsay Macdonald!" you say. But the Devil may prefer to choose his own company.

M. G. (Finchley).—Thanks for birthday greetings; very welcome, if a little belated. Glad to say not much troubled with Anno Domini as yet.

G. (Maidstone).—You're not merely windy; you're a whole tornado.

"KATHLEEN" (London, Can.).—Kind letters like yours make us feel nearly as good as pie.

"MDM. ALICE" (Chelsea).—"I wrote an interesting piece for your book last week . . . This has not been published." We have sacked the sub-editor.

G. H. (Bermondsey).—Your "joke" is hereby recommended for an Old Age Pension.

JESSIE B. (Surbiton).—Why *should* vegetarians have more marge or butter? They have always maintained that vegetables are the most nourishing diet under heaven.

"QUANTUS" (Hull).—No grousing. If you can't get what you want, want what you can get.

G. (Streatham).—Our "candid opinion"? Certainly. They're the very worst verses we've ever lit our pipe with.

"BEATRICE" (Kennington).—What a screed, dear lady! Nearly three yards of it, and not worth 1½d. a yard.

MISS M. H. S. (Droitwich).—A profiteer who hoards up leather should be tanned with it.

"CASTOR" (Southport).—"The enemy should be known as the Offal of Creation." "No; our ration cards have taught us there is much good stuff in offal.

E. D. W. (London, W.).—A firm that discharges a manager so that a director may become "indispensable" is not uncommon. Such tricks may yet be trumped under the new Man-Power scheme.

"SUBALTERN" (Lowestoft).—"I went to Cox's to see if I had any balance left." Evidently you're one o the cautious sort.

"BRITISH SHOWMEN" (London).—Cannot say how the showmen you speak of have managed to keep out of the Army. Probably by "roundabout" means.

E. S. (Hamilton).—Your sensible letter to hand, but we have already dealt with the points you raise. Maybe you turned over two pages at once.

"NERO" (Lincoln).—If Lincoln Musical Society *must* use German-printed music for Brahms' "Requiem"—in honour of our dead—because we have none that is British, then it is time our own composers put a few notes together.

"BRADFORD."—"An Order was read out to Immobile Section, Wacs, that petticoats were not to be worn with uniform. This was read to the girls in presence of the Regimental Sergeant-Major. He turned so red that he is now being treated for hesitation." Poor fellow.

"FAIRPLAY" (Euston Thetford).—"If you saw German prisoners supposed to be at work but playing pitch-and-toss, what would you do?" Show them a new game with the same name.

J. T. C. (A.F.A., France).—"Which is the station that has the most traffic passing through it in one (1) day (in the British Empire)?" Do you mean railway station or police station? "How much water does the Brisbane river (Queensland) draw at Victoria Bridge?"—It is news to us that water "draws" in Australia. "Has England more cattle than Australia?"—Depends on whether the term cattle includes Conscientious Objects and enemy aliens.

JI. F. R. (Dunpon).—"Government departments are all alike; my circular has provoked no acknowledgment." Can't you proovke 'em with anything else?

SEVERAL INQUIRERS.—Matrons of Military or Naval hospitals may obtain strong sticks for leg-wounded patients on communicating with Mr. J. R. W. Soper, Hon. Sec. Walking-stick Fund, 13, Morley Road, E. Twickenham.

M. (Tottenham).—The Germhuns are not human. Neither are worms.

D. (Jericho).—In the words of the Prophet Samuel, peradventure you'll tarry at Jericho till your beards be grown.

"SOLDIER'S WIDOW" (Bristol) relates that when a wounded Tommy entered a full railway carriage, not one of the men of military age inside rose to give the poor chap a seat. Shame on them!

W. T. (Cardiff).—"Settle everything by the brain and tongue, not by the sword and gun." Can't settle this war by the sweat of the jaw.

T. S. (Yardley).—"There are thousands in this country with ideas of stopping the submarine, but they are shy." If you saw how they write to us, you would not think them shy. It's we who begin to shy.

"A DIRECTOR" (Scotland).—"If a man dies intestate, the Government claims the estate." Not if the next-of-kin look alive. And we guess they do in Scotland.

"READER" (Birmingham).—We note that your sister received subalterns as "pupils," and "had a flat to herself." Was he a sub.?

J. C. (Earlswood).—"Napoleon's march to Moscow was his undoing, and Waterloo was the end of his career." Glad to have your word for it, although rumours to the same effect have reached us before.

I. H. (Bradford).—We note that according to the *Bradford Daily Argus*, "The members of the German section of the Bradford Foreign Circle were delighted with a lecture on Gothe's Heidon-Roslein." Another instance of Bradford on the Spree.

"INVENTOR" (Coventry).—The Board of Research asked you to send particulars of your idea to defeat subs., but you "are not disposed" to comply without being paid £5,000 down to start with. Patriot or grabber, which are you?

W. H. (Guilford Barracks).—"I am a man with a wife and five children and expecting another shortly." Another wife?

"READER" (Rhyl).—The *Western Mail* says "Rhyl pier is to be *scraped* to make munitions." Perhaps they want more barnacles for Government Departments.

"IRISHWOMAN" (Belfast).—Broken-hearted at finding girls' photos in your husband's pocket book? Tell him what you know (but don't nag), and ten to one it will all come right. Never despair.

GIRLS WHO NEED HELP."—Dear Waacs, sorry you got C.B. for using face powder, but, you know, you're not in the firing line, and mustn't face powder. Just grin and forget it.

"NORRY" (London).—"Do Scottish soldiers in kilts wear trousers underneath?" Not unless they cut 'em off above the knees.

"DIE HARDS" ("Interned in Holland").—"Have just had the pleasure of reading a copy of JOHN BULL, the first time for over three years." May you soon make up for lost time, old chum.

PTE. E. W. (M.G.C. Batt.).—"Then down I put the gas-screen, To check the spreading gas, And slipping down the dug-out, 'Twas safer than on mud-clad grass." You're no poet, but you can slip.

P. M. (Dublin) says that the local publicans have profiteered Guinness's stout to sixpence a bottle. And that's 3d. or 4d. a bottle cheaper than in London.

H. H. B. (Brighton).—If the blind-makers won't pay a lad of 17½ more than 9s. a week, it's time he got another job.

"PLANTER" (Sumatra).—A capital idea, but as far as we know, marriage is the only lottery authorised by the Law of England.

MR. S. LOMAX (106, Ranby Road, Ecclesall, Sheffield).—Glad to know that your £1,000 "Bullet" Prize will be invested in War Loan, and that you are "doing your bit" on munitions.

M. G. O. (Starcross) and OTHER LEGAL ENQUIRERS.—Send full address, so that reply may be forwarded by post.

J. H. (King's Cross Station).—We have received your letter, but as our vision is only normal and you did not enclose a microscope, we have been unable to decipher it.

B. T. (Grantham).—Neither time nor space to answer your long rigmarole of 20 questions. Ask a policeman, but be ready to run.

CORP. J. B. ("Third Time in France.")—"When will such places as Sydenham, Bulford and the tractor depot receive that very strong comb?" The performance is now about to commence.

*(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)*


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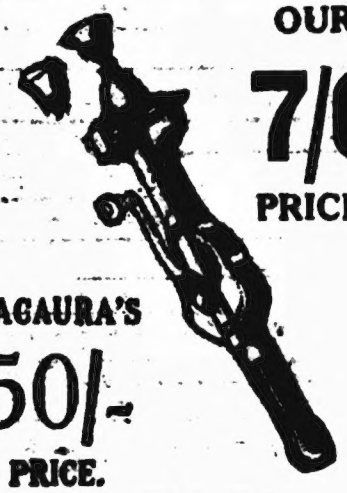

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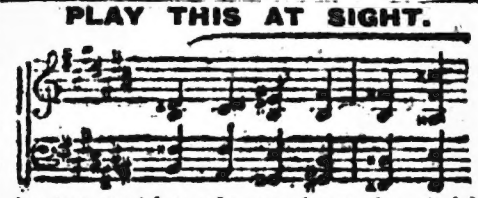

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Every Pen is Guaranteed.



**"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.**

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 2d. stamps for postage. DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA. Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2 (April 20th, 1918.)

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

*N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.*

Old coupons will be accepted at their face value—One Penny.

# 'Bullets'

**2ND Prize £25** | **1ST PRIZE** → **£250** | ← **1ST PRIZE** | **3RD Prize £10**

| 10 PRIZES OF £5 | 10 PRIZES OF £2 10/- | 50 PRIZES OF 10/- | 400 PRIZES OF 5/- | 1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6 | 3,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|

☞ **Please note that next week "Bullets" First Prize will be increased to £500 for one week only.**

No.____ Closing Date Thursday, April 25th.
Example_____
Bullet
Example_____
Bullet
(282) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below. Address_____
If a coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 282, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 25th
Example_____
Bullet
Example_____
Bullet
(282) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below. Address_____
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 25th.
Example_____
Bullet
Example_____
Bullet
(282) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below. Address_____
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

**SPECIAL RULE.**—In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for next week's "Bullets" Competition **No. 283. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, MAY 2nd.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **283** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 283**, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. **Such coupons MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty-three Examples of the present week's competition.

**Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 283.**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| THE TURNING POINT | GERMANY WON'T | WHAT BOTTOMLEY WANTS | NEW RECRUIT |
| EVERYBODY THINKS THAT | AFTER TOMMY'S HEART | PRETTY MAID | MAKES WIFE HAPPY |
| SOOTHING SYRUP | WON'T COME OFF | ON PAY-DAY | LONG AND SHORT |
| GETTING READY | LOSING HIS HEAD | SHOOTING STARS | WHEN FATHER'S GRILLED |
| JOINING UP | MOST SURPRISING WHEN | BUTCHER'S BOY | THE KAISER'S HOPE |

**BULLETS RULES.** 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

## LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 282.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| WHAT HAIR NEEDS | GALLANT DEEDS | STANDING FIRM |
| TAXING THE NATION | ALL AGES | BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL |
| NEVER FAILS | CORKING THEM OUT | TAKING PART |
| GOING ONE BETTER | FULL INSIDE | WEAK CONSTITUTION |
| TURNING THE TABLES | TRYING EXPERIENCE | A BAD NAME |
| HARD TO PART | A GOOD POST | BAD LIVER |
| A LITTLE KID | MOST DECEPTIVE WHEN | TOMMY'S PRESENT |
| OF LITTLE ACCOUNT | MOTHER'S LOT | HOT STUFF |
| READY TO HELP | NOT MY LUCK | BUTCHER'S DOG |
| DANGEROUS PLAYTHING | PLAYING THE GAME | NEEDLESS TO STATE |
| WHEN LIGHTS ARE LOW | WHEN KAISER COMMANDS | FAST LIVING |

### HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty-three examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE,** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you: Example:—BUTCHER'S DOG. Bullet:—GETS ALL THE FAT. Example:—PLAYING THE GAME. Bullet:—OUR SPORTSMEN TO-DAY. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated May 11th. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated April 20th.

## RESULT OF 279th "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

### FIRST PRIZE OF £200:

**Corpl. R. GASH, 715,006, "D" Battery, R.F.A., Louisburg Barracks, Bordon, Hants.**
Example:—INVITING TROUBLE.
Bullet:—ENLISTING SICK "AS WELL."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

### SECOND PRIZE of £25:

**Mr. A. S. BURR, 21, Playfield Crescent, East Dulwich, London, S.E.**
Example:—FIGHTING IN THE AIR.
Bullet:—IT'S OUR "GAME" BOYS.

### THIRD PRIZE of £10:

**Mr. JOHN MACRIMMON, c/o Laurie, Highbury Terrace, Netherton, Wishaw, Scotland, N.B.**
Example:—FIGHTING SPIRIT.
Bullet:—"SOME GLORY" IN POSSESSING.

### TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Cpl. T. CLEGG, 7, Thornfield Road, Aintree: DOWN THE STRAND—FEW "TIDDLEYS"—MANY "WINKS."

Mr. W. CHAPPELL, Bottom Farm, Gt. Marlow: SADDER AND WISER—FLAPPER IMAGINED FARMING FUR.

Mr. W. BRADBURY, Broom Edge, Lymm, Cheshire: GOES A LONG WAY—ANYTHING THAT MISSUS "SPREADS."

(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mrs. A. GREENWOOD, 27, Roby Mill, Appley Bridge, Wigan: WISEST PLAN—AND BRAVEST EXECUTE.

Mr. A. F. RICHARDSON, 11, Holbein House, Sloane Square, S.W.: WISEST PLAN—GETTING, AND KEEPING FIT.

Mr. F. RABY, 34, Gladstone Street, Pendlebury, Manchester: TOMMY HOPES THAT—WE'RE "BARRING" HUNS HERE.

L.-Cpl. PARSONS, Royal Scots Depot, Glencorse, Scotland: DOWN THE STRAND—"ALL THE WINNERS" SHORTLY.

Mr. T. H. CHAMBERS, 110, Church Street, Flint, North Wales: GERMAN OFFENSIVE—ANOTHER WILD "GOOSE STEP."

Mrs. H. E. ABEL, 60, Belle Vue Rd., Salisbury: LIKE CHILDREN—KAISER BREAKS HIS "TOYS."

Mr. A. OXBROW, 35, Downs Pk. Rd., Hackney: INVITING TROUBLE—SMILING IN BELGIUM.

### TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Miss M. HUGHES, Parkia Bach Farm, near Carnarvon: FATHER'S DINNER—MOTHER "SEES"—HE GETS.

Miss A. WALLACE, 28, Wolverton Gardens, Brook Green, W.: FIGHTING SPIRIT—AMERICANS NOW "POURING IN."

Mr. J. STANDRING, 1, Balfour Rd., Spotland: LIKE CHILDREN—RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONISTS "HELPING THEMSELVES."

Mr. W. G. BRAND, Shrubland House, West Bergholt, Colchester: CAN'T COOK—MANY "HOWEVER" THEY TRY.

Miss C. LEES, 120, Tottington Road, Bury: GOES A LONG WAY—TUBE PENNYWORTH—RAID NIGHTS.

Mr. W. H. FOWLER, 17, Ealing Pk. Gdns., W.: WISEST PLAN—"SETTLE." IRELAND, THEN GERMANY.

Mr. J. LIVINGSTONE, 14, Kennedy Drive, Partick, W., Glasgow: LIKE CHILDREN—VERY RARELY "OLD CATS."

Mr. W. FLETCHER, 53, Mess, H.M.S. *Excellent*, Whale Island, Portsmouth: MONEY FOR NOTHING—GERMANY REALISES SHE'S "SPENT."

Mr. R. BROWN, Bella V. Hse., Brandon, Dur.: WHEN HINDENBURG MOVES—PITCHED BATTLES—THEN YARNS.

Mr. A. ACKLANDS, Cloughton, Scarborough: WHEN HINDENBURG MOVES—EXPECTS "PARALYSIS." FROM "STROKE."

List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 279 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Coupon and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

# "JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE**, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE.

Anyone can be insured irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

**Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.**

*The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in* JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

### WHAT WE WILL PAY.

| | |
|---|---|
| In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child), who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named .. .. .. .. | £200 |
| For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb .. .. .. | £200 |
| For the loss of one limb or one eye .. | £100 |
| Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks .. | £3 |
| Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding .. .. .. .. | £350 |
| Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to .. .. | £25 |
| Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to .. .. | £10 |

**ORDER FORM**

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To.....Newsagent.

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

Address.....

April 20th, 1918.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

**REGISTRATION FORM**

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.
This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death,—

Name of Nominee.....

Address.....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr. Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home.....

April 20th, 1918.

Made at Hammersmith

OSRAM

O.E.G.

DRAWN WIRE

LAMPS

Exhibit at the BRITISH CAPITAL BRITISH LABOUR BRITISH PATRIOTISM

The OSRAM EXHIBITION at the Victoria Hall

A Delightful Surprise.

Everything is *so* dear and you don't know *what* to get for a change. Here is something entirely new — quite different from anything that has ever been sold in this country before. It is "Jack Tar Tuna"; a delicious fillet of fish; tender and delicate and tasting like chicken.

Ask your Grocer for a tin. You will be delighted with this new fish food.

Imported and guaranteed by the proprietors of Sailor Slice and Skippers. If unable to get it, send your Grocer's name and address and 1/- in stamps for a quarter-pound tin to Angus Watson & Co., Dept. 14, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

JACK TAR TUNA FISH

Shaving

demands a liquid application to allay that 'after irritation' and soften the skin without closing the pores. POND'S EXTRACT is undoubtedly the ideal preparation for this purpose. But the public are cautioned to buy the genuine Pond's Extract, which for more than 70 years has won a world-wide reputation, being perfectly clean, harmless, and so easily administered.

Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Piles, Varicose Veins, Sore Throat, Bleeding (Internal and External), Rheumatism, Sore Feet, Bunions, etc. Of all Chemists, in 1s., 2s., 3s. 6d. and 6s., or send P.O. direct to the manufacturers.

POND'S EXTRACT OINTMENT. Invaluable for all affections to which an ointment is applicable. It is the universal remedy for Piles, Bunions, Sores, Rough Skin, etc.

POND'S ARCADIAN CREAM. A cold cream, antiseptic. Invaluable in all Skin Affections, and for Daily Toilet. Sample tube, etc.

POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 19), 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

Pond's Extract The Old Family Doctor

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for patterns, post free, of Suits, Overcoats, Costumes, Ladies' and Children's Paletots, Raincoats, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc., or Catalogue of Watches and Jewellery, Fancy Workers' and Boys' Clothing, Footwear, Blanket Cutlery, Frames, Cycles, Tyres, Gramophones and Records, Lino, Tea and Dinner Services, Sewing Machines, and Poultry Appliances, etc., etc.

EASY TERMS

G. GRAVES, LTD. SHEFFIELD

FREE FOR THE ASKING— BOOK OF LATEST FASHIONS.

This book—full of big illustrations of absorbing fashion interest—shows all that is worth seeing in Ladies Suits, Costumes, Coats, Millinery, and other nice and useful wear at economical prices and Easy Terms. The book faithfully represents this Season's CHICIEST STYLES.

It costs you nothing — yet affords a welcome chance to dress well without heavy cost and shopping fatigue. The models are correct to style and pleasingly different from the commonplace alluringly cheap feminine attire shown in so many windows. Ours emulate the good styles and work of the best costumers.

HERE IS THE SEASON'S BARGAINS.

*S 100. A Suit attractive because of its combined quality of service and good style. In Gab Cloth, fawn shade only. Money back if dissatisfied.* 52/6 *Easy Terms.*

CATESBYS

(Dept. 19). LONDON, W.1

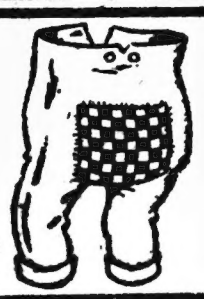
USE THIS COUPON.

To Catesbys Ltd., London, W.1. Please send me your free book of Ladies fashions and patterns of Ladies' Suit S. 100.

Name.....

Address.....

19.....



NOTWITHSTANDING

all your efforts, most floor coverings will gather dust and dirt. The safeguard and remedy is Catesbys Cork Lino. With this hygienic floor covering the house is freed from the labours and dangers of dust gathering floor coverings. Thousands of testimonials prove that the introduction of CATESBYS CORK LINO into the home means the exiling of dust, dirt and other attending evils and dangers to health. A dust permeated floor covering is especially risky in the home blessed with young children. Give the children every opportunity to grow up healthy and give the home a chance to look completely beautiful by laying Lino on the floors. We sell our Lino on Easy Terms, without reference or security or allow 2/- in the £ discount for cash. Whichever way you buy we pay carriage. Write for free patterns and samples now.

CATESBYS LTD., (Dept. 19,) Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

Phyllis Bedells and Air Raid Headaches

Photo by Vandamm

London Hippodrome, October 22nd, 1917.

To Messrs. "Daisy" Ltd.

Dear Sirs,

*It is only quite recently that I have acquired the bad habit of "nerves and headaches," and this has been accentuated through the strain of playing through air raids.*

*Let me thank you very sincerely for the always instant relief I obtain from "Daisy" Tablets.*

*Two of these invariably put me right; and now that I know their worth I shall always use them, for they never fail in their relief and cure.*

*I both thank you for them and suggest their adoption by others.*

*You have my full permission to publish this letter and my photograph.*

Yours sincerely,

Phyllis Bedells

The daintiness and delicacy of poetic dancing has no more artistic and inspired exponent than Miss Phyllis Bedells, whose interpretation of the spirit of her themes always arouses the highest enthusiasm in her audiences.

Yet even dancers are material beings and are prone to common troubles such as Headaches, which are never pleasant companions.

Miss Bedells wisely relies on the great British specific "Daisy Tablets" to drive away such attacks and her experience is explained in her letter to the Proprietors of "Daisy," reproduced at side.

DAISY TABLETS

Cure Headache and Neuralgia.

Treatise and Sample Free.—If you would like to try them at our expense, send us your name and address on a postcard, and we will send you FREE a dainty box, along with a very interesting scientific booklet on the cure of head and nerve pains of all kinds. Write to-day to DAISY, Ltd., (Dept. T4), LEEDS

*Daisy Tablets are sold by Boots, Taylor's and Chemists everywhere at 1/3 per box, or direct (post free) from Daisy, Ltd., (Dept. T4), Leeds.*

Debility and Indigestion

Splendid Cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mrs. Eavis.

Mrs. Eavis, 59, Thorpebank Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, W., says:—Following an operation I was dreadfully weak, could hardly walk, and I used to faint two or three times a day. I suffered after food, and at last I had to take to bed, and I am sure everybody thought I was going to die. No medicine did any good, so my husband advised me to try Dr. Cassell's Tablets. This I did, and after a few doses my appetite returned, and I gained strength. Soon I was up and about again, and now I feel as well and bright as ever. I am sure Dr. Cassell's Tablets saved my life."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

*Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, and Anti-Spasmodic, and the safest and most effective home treatment for:—*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Nervous Breakdown | Sleeplessness | Mal-nutrition |
| Nerve Paralysis | Anæmia | Wasting Diseases |
| Spinal Weakness | Kidney Trouble | Palpitation |
| Infantile Paralysis | Indigestion | Premature Decay |
| Nervous Debility | Stomach Disorder | Loss of Flesh |

*Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the critical periods of life.*

*Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the World.*

*Prices* 1/-, 1/3, *and* 3/-, *the* 3/- *size being the most economical.*

FREE INFORMATION.

If you desire further information about Dr. Cassell's Tablets, write to us, describing your own case, and we will advise as to suitability. Address: DR. CASSELL'S CO., LTD., Chester Road, Manchester.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY OR SELL A CAMERA?

We are Agents for all the leading Manufacturers, and can supply almost all makes of New Cameras and Apparatus from stock. No one can sell cheaper than we do—and we are willing to take any apparatus in exchange or part payment.

We also pay cash for Apparatus, and guarantee satisfaction. We offer the highest possible prices, and pay for goods by return of post. Finally, if our offer is not acceptable, we send your Apparatus back immediately, carriage paid.

WATSONS

34, High Street, SHEFFIELD.

*10% Discount for Cash or War Loan Scrip.*

Delivery Orders
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

# Gladys suggested—

MIND you, we'd tried half-a-dozen places already. But nowhere could we find just the furniture we wanted, and some of the prices were simply exorbitant. Then, just as we were beginning to despair, Gladys suggested the "Midland." That was the end of all our difficulties.

## Money buys more at the 'Midland'

*10% Discount for Cash or War Loan Scrip.*

You get £100,000 worth of beautiful furniture to choose from, and the "Midland" prices give you the utmost possible value for every shilling you spend. If you decide to pay cash, you get 10% discount; if you prefer to furnish out of income under the "Midland" Ideal Terms, you have nothing to pay for credit—no interest—no extras whatsoever.

An exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, double sprung, scrupulously upholstered and covered in art cretonne to customer's choice. An exceptional bargain at

**£4 14s. 6d.**

Well-upholstered Chesterfield Settee, with or without drop ends as desired. Thoroughly well sprung and covered with various shades of art cretonne. **£8 5s. 0d.**

### Ideal Terms

(Town or Country.)

| Worth. | Per Month. | Worth. | Per Month. |
|---|---|---|---|
| £10 - | £0 5 6 | £50 - | £1 7 6 |
| £20 - | 0 11 0 | £100 - | 2 15 0 |
| £30 - | 0 16 6 | £200 - | 5 10 0 |
| £40 - | 1 2 0 | £500 - | 13 15 0 |

Larger amounts pro rata.

**Rail Fares Paid**

Customers' Fares to town paid on all orders of £30 and over.

## Free Life, Fire, Aircraft and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife,** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture** thus purchased is also **insured against damage by Fire, Aircraft Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**

**Furnishing Company, Ltd.,**

*Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,*

**15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.**

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Stations. 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 6. Saturdays—9 till 1.

Governing Director, GEORGE MICHAEL. [illegible]


Printed and published for the Proprietors (JOHN BULL, LTD.), by GILHAMS LIMITED, [illegible], London, W.C.2. Agents for the Colonies: Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australasia, Canada, etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; the Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.